

...advertisements a variety of ... at low prices.

Mr. T. E. Myers advertises an extra fine article of Southern made Blacking.

THE ... agent for the purchase of Corn and Fodder.

Our First and Fourth Pages.

On the first page will be found the beautiful lines entitled the "Southern Cross," from the gifted pen of Miss ELLEN KEY BLOUNT, daughter of FRANCIS KEY, the well-known author of the "Star Spangled Banner," to whom and his song a touching allusion is made in the second stanza.

We have been furnished, through the kindness of one of Camden's fair daughters, a manuscript copy of that soul-stirring, characteristic song, the "Bonnie Blue Flag," and which may be found on the fourth page of the CONFEDERATE of the present issue. Those of our ladies who are desirous of procuring a copy, can be furnished, free of charge, by calling at the office of THE CONFEDERATE.

Woolen Garments for Our Soldiers.

The approach of winter, and the totally destitute condition of our troops, as regards suitable clothing—render it desirable that prompt measures should be taken to supply them with woolen garments. For this purpose each family is earnestly solicited to give at least one blanket to be dyed and cut up into coats.—The scraps can then be carded up with cotton and woven again into cloth for pantaloons and shirts. The Ladies Aid Association will take charge of the blankets given for that purpose.

The Election for Representatives, Tax Collector, Ordinary and Commissioners of the Poor

Will take place on Tuesday next, at the different precincts throughout our District. The Writ of Election, as published last week, would have led our country friends into error as to the time. The same error has occurred with most of our contemporaries. Tuesday, the 14th inst., is certainly the day for the above named election to take place.

List of Casualties in the Flat Rock Guard—Capt. J. P. Cunningham.

The following is a list of the casualties in the Flat Rock Guards, in the battle of the 17th September:

Lieut. W. W. Patterson, in leg slightly;
James J. Trudell, killed;
Corporal D. M. Kirkley, right arm broken, near the shoulder, and since amputated;
J. A. Sowell, severely in left breast;
W. J. Fletcher, shoulder;
J. B. Hall, side;
John Williams slightly in leg;
Sowell, Kirkley and J. B. Hall were left in the hands of the enemy.

THE JEWISH DAY OF ATONEMENT.—Last Friday was the commencement of Yom Kippur, or the Jewish Day of Atonement, one of the three great days observed by the sons of Israel throughout the world. These are the Passover, when the passage of the Israelites over the Red Sea is celebrated in the feast of the unleavened bread, typical of the eucharistic sacrifice of the Christian dispensation; the Feast of Tabernacles, to denote that the sons of Jacob once dwelt in tents in the wilderness; and the day of Atonement, when each Jew was enjoined to redeem his soul figuratively by the presentation of a half shekel, and nothing less or more, whether the presentee be rich or poor. The day is celebrated by the modern Jews by a strict fast. Their places of business are all closed, and their synagogues are all opened. On the eve of the great day the Holy Book of the law is brought from the Ark with great ceremony and read by the hazzan or minister. Prayers are held in all the synagogues from that time till the next night—literally from even to even—by the faithful Israelites, who are expected to "afflict their souls" by abstaining from meat and drink. At the close of the day—that is the evening—a good lookout is kept for the first star, when the previous fast of the twenty-four hours gives way to a very sensible feast, and happy is he or she who first discovers that same first star.

The Governor's Review of the 5th Regiment Artillery of the Reserves.

On Monday, the 13th inst., Col. WITHERSON, will assemble, in Camden, the 5th Regiment of the First Corps of Reserves for drill and inspection, by the Governor. On the day previous (Monday) the officers, commissioned and non-commissioned, will drill on the Magazine Hill, front of the Cornwallis House.

To the People of Kershaw District.

Can any true Southern man or woman resist the following appeal made to them, where it is in their power in any way to alleviate pain and general distress. We believe there are few families in our town or District but what are able to give something towards clothing our naked and shoeless defenders—battling for the success of the cause in which we are so materially interested. We would say to all those who are prepared to contribute their mite (and it requires your immediate attention) to hand their packages in at the store of E. W. BONNEY, by 10 o'clock on Saturday morning, at which time the ladies of the Association proposes sending to camp a box of clothing, shoes, and other articles of comfort for the soldier.

[From the Savannah Republican.]

OUR ARMY—ITS GREAT DEEDS, ITS TRIALS, ITS SUFFERINGS AND ITS PERILS IN THE FUTURE.

No army on this continent has ever accomplished as much or suffered as much, as the army of Northern Virginia within the last three months. At no period during the first Revolutionary war—not even at Valley Forge—did our forefathers in arms encounter greater hardships, or endure them more uncomplainingly.

But great as has been the trials to which the army has been subjected, they are hardly worthy to be named in comparison with the sufferings in store for it this winter, unless the people of the Confederate States, everywhere and in whatever circumstances, come to its immediate relief.

The men must have clothing and shoes this winter. They must have something to cover themselves when sleeping, and to protect themselves from the driving sleet and snow storms when on duty. This must be done, though our friends at home should have to wear cotton and sit by the fire. The army of Virginia stands guard this day, as it will stand guard this winter, over every hearthstone throughout the South. The ragged sentinel who may pace his weary rounds this winter on the bleak spurs of the Blue Ridge, or along the frozen valleys of the Shenandoah and Rappahannock will also be your sentinels, my friends, at home. It will be for you and your household that he encounters the wrath of the tempest and the dangers of the night. He suffers and toils and fights for you, too, brave, true-hearted women of the South. Will you not clothe his nakedness then? Will you not put shoes and stockings on his feet? Is it not enough that he has written down his patriotism in crimson characters along the battle road from the Rappahannock to the Potomac? And must his bleeding feet also impress his fidelity upon the snows of the coming winter? I know what your answer will be. God has spoken through the women of the South, and they are his holy oracles in this day of trial and tribulation.

It is not necessary to counsel violent measures; but it is not expected that any person will be permitted to accumulate leather and cloth for purposes of speculation. The necessities of the army rise up like a mountain, and cannot and will not be overlooked. It was hoped at one time, that we might obtain winter supplies in Maryland. This hope was born after the army left Richmond, and has now miserably perished. The Government is unable to furnish the supplies; for they are not to be had in the country. If it had exercised a little foresight last spring and summer, when vessels were running the blockade, with cargoes of calico, linen and other articles of like importance, a partial supply at least of hats, blankets, shoes and woolen goods might have been obtained from England. But foresight is a quality of the mind that is seldom put in practice in these days.

But whatever may be done by the people, should be done immediately. Not one moment can be lost that will not be marked, as by the second hand of a watch, with the pangs of a sufferer. Already the hills and Valleys in this high latitude have been visited by frost, and

the nights are unpleasantly cool to the man who sleeps upon the ground. Come up, then, men and women of the South, to this sacred duty. Let nothing stand between you and the performance of it. Neither pride, nor pleasure, nor personal ease and comfort, should withhold your hands from the holy work. The supply of leather and wool, we all know, is limited; but do what you can, and all you can, and as soon as you can. If you cannot send woolen socks, send half woolen or Cotton socks; and so with under clothing, coats and pants. And if blankets are not to be had, then substitute comforts made of dyed osenaburgs stuffed with Cotton. Anything that will keep off the cold will be acceptable. Even the speculator and extortioner might forego their gains for a season and unite in this religious duty. If they neither clothe the naked, nor feed the hungry who are fighting for their freedom and for their homes and property, what right have they to expect anything but eternal damnation, both from God and man?

If the army of Virginia could march through the South just as it is—ragged and almost barefooted and hatless—many of the men limping along and not quite well of their wounds or sickness, yet cheerful and not willing to abandon their places in ranks—their cloths riddled with balls and their banners covered with the smoke and dust of battle, and shot into tatters, many of them inscribed with "Williamsburg," "Seven Pines," "Gaines' Mill," "Garnet's Farm," "Front Royal," "McDowell," "Cedar Run," and other victorious fields—if this army of veterans, thus clad and shod, with tattered uniforms and banners, could march from Richmond to the Mississippi, it would produce a sensation that has no parallel in history since Peter the Hermit led his swelling hosts across Europe to the rescue of the Holy Sepulchre.

The following very unsatisfactory dispatch was received in Camden on yesterday. It is here published as it was transmitted to our office by the operators abroad. It may be correct, but we must confess our perceptive powers are not sufficiently clear and forcible to convey to the mind's eye of the casual reader what, we have no doubt, was originally intended for the dispatch. The fault, we are satisfied, does not lie at our telegraph office.—EDITOR CONFEDERATE.

Latest from the West.

MOBILE, October 8.—Despatches from Tupelo of the 7th says: Having driven in the enemies skirmishers, the combined forces of Van Dorn and Price attacked them in their entrenchments at 9 o'clock a. m., on Friday, driving them out and capturing 9 pieces of artillery. We continued repulsing them slowly and driving them back until night, our loss was heavy during the day. Phifer's and Green's brigades suffered most. Gen. Martin was killed. Cols. McFarland and Cox were severely wounded. At four o'clock Saturday morning the enemy opened with heavy artillery, doing but little damage. At 8 o'clock we advanced, capturing several siege guns. Green's brigade again suffered severely, and was driven back. They charged the fortifications. The enemy held their fire until they were within 30 yards and then opened a murderous fire, repulsing them with great loss. Information was received that the enemy, 20,000 strong, were advancing via Pocahontas, on our rear, when a retreat was ordered—our troops being somewhat disorganized—but bringing off part of the captured artillery, our wounded and baggage, and fell back in good order, 10 miles from Cypress Creek. At 8 o'clock Sunday morning, our column commenced skirmishing with the Yankee Bolivar forces, at Pocahontas, and fell back one mile, where he was reinforced by Whitfield's Legion, and a section of artillery and afterwards by Maury's Division, which was also reinforced; but the whole of this force proved insufficient, and was driven back—the enemy burning a bridge, and trapping Moor's brigade and four pieces of artillery. Van Dorn and Villipigue coming up, recaptured Moor's brigade, and a brigade of their captors and thirteen pieces of artillery. The enemy were then driven back to Matamoras, and our army continued their retreat to Ripley over the road our brigade train had passed. Our loss estimated at 5000—that of the enemy much heavier. Our loss may be over estimated.

Our devil would like to have a dime from the moon when she gives change from the next quarter.

[From the London Herald, October 10, 1862.]

A Plea for Foreign Intervention.—The Blockade ought to be lifted.

There is a degree of inhumanity in the attitude on this question assumed by the European Powers, which seems to us to call for the sternest censure. We are standing with folded arms and a placid expression on our faces, while America is being made a desert, and the Americans, most valiantly, are hacking one another to pieces. Will it advantage us at all that the spirit of the country should be broken; a whole generation of young men slain or maimed in the cruellest of unjust wars, and the benefits that the world might receive from this thriving and once happy continent postponed for a century? Let us do something, as we are Christian men. It does not matter what they call it. Term it arbitration, intervention, diplomatic action, recognition of the South, remonstrance with the North, friendly interference, or forcible pressure of some sort—whatever form or shape our action may assume, let us do something to stop this carnage. For each year of this war at least 200,000 men are slain in battle. Millions may be said to be wounded or stricken with disease; and for every one killed, wounded, or sick, a family is in mourning. A territory larger than Europe is given up to horrors that might have figured in Dante's "inferno." Over fair Virginian plantations, and homesteads in old Kentucky, by the rivers of Tennessee, on the prairies of Missouri and Arkansas, among the cane and rice fields of Louisiana and Georgia, red handed war strides triumphant. What have all these people done that they should be so directly visited? The cause of this war is a chimera, a fatal infatuation. Let us not be content with muttering this to ourselves; let us tell the Americans what we think of it, and cry—hold! while something yet remains for Americans to fight about. If our Government will not do this we must hold them in part responsible for the continuance of this plague of civil war—this standing outrage and aggression against God and man.

Three days Fighting at Corinth—A Disastrous Result.

TUPELO, October 6.—9 p. m.—(To the Mobile Advertiser.)—We have no authentic news from Corinth since Gen. Van Dorn's despatch of the 3d. A courier, who arrived here to-day, says that on the 4th inst., our troops drove the enemy from his entrenchments, which we occupied, but were afterwards forced to fall back from the town. Heavy cannonading was heard yesterday from points above here. The fight must have been most bloody. A courier is hourly expected from the scene of conflict.

Gen. Edward Price, an exchanged prisoner, a son of Gen. Sterling Price, arrived here to-day, having left Memphis on the 1st inst. He represents the enemy to be 40,000 strong, with 70 pieces of artillery, strongly posted at Corinth. They were fully informed as to our movements, and anticipated the attack from Gens. Price and Van Dorn. Sherman, at Memphis, knew the exact whereabouts of our forces.

(Second Despatch.)

TUPELO, October 7.—Noon.—The battle of Corinth was most bloody. Our forces gained repeated successes on Friday and Saturday. They had driven the enemy from his breast works, had occupied the position, and had gained the town itself. The enemy, however, held out stubbornly on his left until his reinforcements had arrived, when, on Sunday, he fell upon Van Dorn with overwhelming numbers, forcing our troops to relinquish their positions and retreat. The fight continued almost uninterruptedly during Friday, Saturday and Sunday. The slaughter on both sides is unparalleled. One of our Generals writes that Maury's division, composed of Phifer's, Cabell's, and Moor's brigades, will not number more than one brigade. Of Cabell's brigade not more than 450 are left. Gen. Martin, of the Fourth Brigade, chiefly Mississippians, was killed. Also Col. Rogers, of Texas, and Col. Wirt Adams, of Mississippi. Gen. Moore was killed. Gen. Cabell was injured by a fall from his horse. During the retrograde movement 10,000 fresh Federal troops, from Bolivar, harassed Maury's division, which was in the advance. Our army is understood now to be in the vicinity of Ripley, Miss., and perfectly safe. It is rumored that but one of our Gens. was sanguine of success before the attack, which he caused to be made. No officers have yet arrived here, nor any of the wounded.